

## **The party of six by Electrostorm21**

**Category:** Stranger Things, 2016

**Genre:** Crime, Humor

**Language:** English

**Status:** In-Progress

**Published:** 2018-10-13 09:34:59

**Updated:** 2018-10-30 15:02:16

**Packaged:** 2019-12-12 23:01:24

**Rating:** M

**Chapters:** 6

**Words:** 2,882

**Publisher:** [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

**Summary:** The Flayers led by Papa are planning to take over the world. Only a few can stop them. They are known as The Party.

## **1. Profile 1: Paladin**

Real Name: Michael Wheeler

Age: 32

Code Name: Paladin

Psychological profile:

Born in 1985, Mike was the middle child in a first class family. Bullied by his peers for his love of writing, Mike used his skills to his advantage to frame many of his tormentors on crimes they did not commit. In 2001, after the WTC attacks; in which, Mike's father was killed, he began studying in psychology. Within a few years, he had graduated university at the age of 19. Over this time, he made three friends, who all stuck by each other through thick and thin.

His mother was killed in a house robbery, a few days before he was due to return home. Consumed by the guilt of not being there to protect her; Mike now uses any time he has to find the robber.

## **2. Profile 2: Stalker**

Real Name: Lucas Sinclair

Age: 33

Code Name: Stalker

Born in 1985, Lucas was the oldest child. He was tormented by many people, young and old, about his skin colour. Lucas held his head high through all this and distracted himself with technology. At the age of 7, his father came home to the toaster, microwave and radio completely dismantled.

Instead of anger, his father saw much talent in his son and began teaching him about technology. At the age of 13, Lucas had a large amount of knowledge in technology, Attracting many colleges' attention.

He met Mike Wheeler in college while studying coding and electronics. At first, they had a strong hatred for one another.

Mike's ego vs Lucas's judgement.

It was only after Mike's loss in 2001, that Lucas actually saw who Mike truly was. (And hacking his school records to see how he had framed his classmates.)

On 7 July 2005, his father took him to a technology conference in London. They had taken the Metro when the train exploded from the terrorist attack. Lucas's father unfortunately died in the attack while Lucas lost his left ring finger.

Lucas was arrested in 2010 after attempting to hack into a bank to stop foreclosure on his mother's home.

He faced life without trial before being bailed out by Mayor Hopper.

Lucas was met by three familiar faces.

### **3. Profile 3: Dart**

Real Name: Dustin Henderson

Age: 32

Code Name: Dart

Born in 1986, Dustin was a lone child. He suffered from cleidocranial dysphasia which led to bullying. This made him bulk up and inspired him to run track and learn to fight. At age 10, he was as strong as many of his classmates in their last year of high school. He was given many offers to join the swim team, the track team, the football team, and many other sport activities. He turned all of this down to focus on his studies.

Many fellow gifted students stuck by him because nobody would attempt to bully a 14 year old bodybuilder.

He met Lucas and Mike a few days after they became friends at college. He later met Will.

Note: Dustin was originally at Harvard University for a medical degree but after his mother had a heart attack, he moved closer to home.

Dustin married Olivia Thompson, a nurse at the hospital he practiced at, in 2004. He now has a 12 year old son. In 2016, he received a patient with zero medical history.

Mayor Hopper quickly brought the pair in and Dustin was met by three familiar faces.

## **4. Profile 4: Zombie Boy**

Real Name: William Byers

Age: 31

Code Name: Zombie Boy

Born in 1987, Will was the youngest of two children. Being small for his age, he was picked on and tormented by classmates. (Much like his fellow colleagues.) His father was also a bully to him.

Will turned into withdrawal and tried to commit suicide at age 12. His father tried to teach him to be a man and took him out hunting. They disappeared for a week before Will returned shaken but alive with blood covering his clothes.

Note: the blood on his clothes was his fathers. It is yet unknown what happened as Will seems to have no memory of the trip.

Will met Mike by saving him from a runaway truck as they crossed the road. Will did not go to college but instead worked at a nearby garage.

He got a call from Mayor Hopper and told him that his daughter was picking him up.

From that point: Michael Wheeler, Lucas Sinclair, Dustin Henderson and William Byers were all erased from existence. Their digital footprints wiped.

They were ghosts.

## 5. Joining The Party

'So this is supposed to be my team? Not what I was expecting' Eggo said to her father. Mayor Hopper grimaced, 'you have a mechanic, a doctor with muscle, a hacker and a behaviourist. That's more than enough to take them down.'

Eggo sighed and glanced over the profiles again. She wouldn't admit it but the behaviourist was kinda cute. But for her, cute guys usually turn out to be obnoxious dickheads.

Hopper brought her out of her daydream, 'hey, they're about to come in; our agent included. Be nice and explain why they're here.'

Eggo took a deep breath as the five people walked in. Her breath caught in her throat as Mike walked through the door. He was a lot more handsome than the picture showed.

His cheekbones which framed his face, his eyes a dark, beautiful brown. His lips so plump and his hair! Eggo wanted to run her hands though it, to see how soft it was.

Ugh. Stop it. She was better than this. 'Good evening, my name is-'

'Don't care. Just tell us why we're here.' Will interrupted, clearly bored. Eggo raised her eyebrows, 'Ok then, have any of you heard of a group called The Flayers?' Lucas snorted, 'sounds like the name of a shitty band.'

'I wish. They're actually a funding terrorist group. They make weapons, chemicals and explosives. Then for hefty prices, they sell their shit to groups like the IRS, dictator countries, Al Qaeda.'

'What's this got to do with us?' Mike asked. Eggo gulped; his voice was like velvet. 'Um. This guy, if you know him.' They all looked at her. 'I'm sorry, what?' Dustin said.

Focus. She needed to focus. Eggo turned on a screen behind her. The four men took a step back. 'Troy.' They all said. 'I figured you should know that you'll be hunting him down. He is in charge of the

mercenaries that protects the group.' Eggo gauged their reactions, 'he never could grow up from being a bully, could he?' Will asked, rhetorically.

'He has over 350 kills to his name alone. And the worst part is, he's not the worst one.' Lucas shuddered, he once saw how capable Troy was of murder.

'So who could possibly be worse than that prick?' Dustin asked. The patient that Dustin brought with him answered, 'Dr Martin Brenner. But he calls himself 'Papa' for whatever unknown reason. He's a sick, horrible excuse of a human being.'

Lucas looked at the girl who spoke; she had fiery red hair, and a fierce face. 'This is Agent MadMax; her and her brother, Psycho, work with us. MadMax infiltrated their base. She saw what Papa does.' Eggo looked at MadMax expectedly. She knows that it takes a lot to scare MadMax; so whatever Papa has been doing must've frightened her.

MadMax gulped before she spoke, 'Papa believes that children are the future and children will save us from ourselves. So... he kidnaps and experiments on them.' Will felt anger course through him, he knew children should be treated better. He already knew what they were going to be asked but he thought he should check first, 'why do you need us?'

Eggo locked eyes with him, 'You four can help us take him down before they take over the rest of the USA.' She looked to Lucas, 'You can hack their accounts and their addresses so we know exactly where they hide.'

Eggo turned to Dustin, 'you can see the reports of the injuries and help us guess what types of bio-chemicals they use.' She turned to Will next, 'your expertise in mechanics can help us shut down their war machines.'

'And me? What can a behaviourist do?' The soft, velvet voice asked. Eggo looked at the most handsome person in the room, 'You will help us profile possible suspects and give us a location on where their attacks could take place.'

Mike blinked and nodded before asking, 'Will we get recognition? Do we get paid? Is it dangerous? I want to know exactly where we are going with this.'

Eggo smiled, 'No, there's no recognition to saving the world. Yes, you will get paid and yes, you may get killed if you don't listen to me.'

Eggo surveyed the group, 'so, are you in or out?' Will immediately answered, 'Hell yeah!' Lucas and Dustin quickly agreed.

They all looked to Mike, he glanced at them before looking at Eggo and smiled, 'When do we start?'

'How did she escape?' Troy asked the guard. 'ANSWER ME!' The guard stammered as Troy shouted at him, 'I-I don't know, sir. She was v-very fast.' Troy was unhappy with the man's answer, 'she was fast? That's what I'm supposed to tell Papa?! She was fast?' Troy's rage got the better of him, and before he knew it; he pulled his knife and slit the guard's throat.

Troy watched the man fall to the floor. He turned around and instructed the other two guards to dispose of the body.

Troy sighed as he rubbed his burn on his neck, when Papa was done, he'd be able to retire. He saw the progress Papa had been making with the children and knew they would be able to attack soon.

His heavily encrypted phone dinged; Troy looked at it to find a message from Papa. He had to 'collect' another child for his experiments; 12 year old, Milo Henderson.

Troy looked up from his phone and smiled, this was going to be fun.

**So, because my laptop is a pile of shit and I have to write in my phone notes, it will take a while for chapters to come out. So expect a new chapter every week or so. I hope you guys enjoy this new story as much as I enjoy making it.**

Quick note for a good friend and a fellow writer. Stay strong because you are incredible, you're a terrific writer and this fandom is lucky to have you. You helped me through some difficult times, including writers block and I hope you know

**how lucky I feel to be able to call you my friend. You're a good person with a great heart and you deserve to enjoy your life. Thank you.**

## 6. Getting Down To Business

Eggo handed out their profiles, 'Your digital existence has been wiped from the internet. You don't exist digitally. These profiles have your new code names. You'll need them when you're out on the field.' She then proceeded to hand out cards, 'These cards are practically a get out of jail free card; they give you a free reign to get the fuck wherever you need to be.' As she handed the last card to Mike, their fingers brushed. Mike gulped while Eggo blushed; their eyes locked for a second before Dart spoke.

'Hey, um...' Dart looked at his profile, 'Paladin! Don't embarrass yourself like you did in college.' Now it was Mike's turn to blush, he shoved his hands in his pocket and started looking anywhere but at Eggo.

Eggo cleared her throat before continuing. 'Ok Stalker, I'm going to put you over here,' Eggo gestured to a desk with multiple computers on it, 'We need you to find the banks that The Flayers use to fund fellow terrorist groups.' Lucas sat down in the chair and immediately set to work.

'Zombie Boy, Agent MadMax will take you to the garage. There are two cars there that we are going to need your expertise in.' MadMax crosses the room to a shutter door, and raised to her height. Will followed and ducked his head underneath the shutter as he entered the room. MadMax followed suit, pulling the shutter down behind her.

Dart was taken to a table with dozens of pictures with people on them. 'These are the survivors of Papa's experiments. It seems he's combining diseases to make some sort of super bug.' Dart examined a picture of a man, 'looks like he has mumps.' Dart squinted his eyes and looked closer, 'but he also appears to have dermatitis.'

'And something else. We don't know what but when we attempted to treat his mumps, his leg exploded. He died before anybody could even comprehend what happened.' Dustin breathed out, 'I've got my work cut out for me.' Eggo moved over to Paladin.

'What's my job?' Paladin asked. *You can kiss me.* Paladin blushed while Eggo turned mortified, 'I mean, I need you to come with me to question some suspects and talk to the principal. He caught them trying to steal some toxic chemicals from a school lab not far from here.'

Paladin raised an eyebrow, 'a school lab? How do you know it's not just some dumb kids?' Eggo looked at him pointedly, 'because they killed the janitors.' Paladin looked down, 'Oh.'

Eggo grabbed her keys and started walking out with Paladin in tow. She dropped her phone and paused to bend over and pick it up. She felt something nudge her backside as Paladin walked into her. She quickly stood up and whipped around with wide eyes. Now it was Paladin's turn to look mortified. 'T-that's my phone!'

He pulled his phone from his jeans, 'Good, thought it was a bit small.' Eggo said with a smirk before leaving the room. Paladin's jaw dropped as he looked at Stalker and Dart.

Their reactions were similar to his, 'Well, see ya later.' Paladin wriggled his eyebrows as he followed Eggo.

Dart turned back to the pictures as Stalker shook his head and went back to hacking.

---

Meanwhile, MadMax was showing Zombie boy, the vehicles seized from the suspects. 'Wow. These are heavily armoured. Judging by the amount of armour, I'd say that their top speed is about 70kmph. If they crash, the passengers are fine but whoever's on the receiving end will not be waking up anytime soon.' Zombie boy explained.

MadMax looked impressed. 'We need to identify the materials used on the car to find where they cam-'

'You won't find them.' Zombie boy interrupted. 'This is a mixture of armour from different countries. Israel, Canada and South Africa to name a few.' Will jumped at a door slam behind him. 'Maxine! Where's Eggo? We have a problem!'

Will and MadMax turned round to see a tall man with a dirty, blonde mullet. Will raised his eyebrows, talk about old school. 'I told you, you cannot call me that here!'

The man ignored her, 'Where is she?!" MadMax heard the panic in his voice, 'she's going with the Paladin to the school. Why? What's wrong?"

Psycho turned towards a cupboard and opened it, revealing a wide variety of guns. He handed a P9 to MadMax and took one for himself. He then turned to Zombie Boy, 'Can you use this?' He handed another P9 to him. Zombie Boy shook his head, 'No, but I can use this.' He replied and pushed past Psycho.

Zombie Boy took out a MP5. 'German made, used by the GIGN in France. Decent mag size and recoil.' Psycho looked impressed as he turned to MadMax. 'That wasn't on his profile.' She whispered to her brother.

'Pretty boy will look after the others, I'm guessing Eggo and Paladin are in trouble?' MadMax asked. 'Troy is taking a small army to the school to retrieve the chemicals they were trying to steal.' Will gulped, 'Define small army?'

---

Troy's convoy pulled up along the school. They were here to collect the boy and the chemicals that Papa wanted for his new weapon. He spoke into his comm, 'Masks on, I don't care who or how old; if they get in the way, kill them.' 6 cars each carrying 5 men, this would be easy. Troy smiled as he pulled his clown mask over his face.

**Few notes so you know what I'm talking about.**

**The car Will is describing looks a little like a Canadian Knight XV, a South African Marauder and a Israeli Plasan Sandcat. My three favourite armoured cars.**

**A P9 (more commonly known as HK P9)is a German handgun, commonly used by the German police, GSG9.**

**A MP5 (also made by HK) is German made but the one Will uses**

**in French. Why? Because it is.**

**Characters-**

**Agents:**

**Eggo-El**

**MadMax-Maxine**

**Psycho-Billy**

**Pretty Boy-Steve**

**Paladin-Mike**

**Dart-Dustin**

**Stalker-Lucas**

**Zombie Boy-Will**

**Flayers:**

**Dr Brenner**

**Troy**

**Tommy**

**Neil**

**Holly (yep. That's right.)**

**Next chapter will be either this Friday or next weekend.**